19 In Scotland

LAIRDS Tears,

Or Scotland bemoaning the Loss of Her Antient Priviledges upon Consideration that the House of Commons have past the Bill discharging all Forreign Liquors &c. to be Exported into England after the first of May

WHAT dismal News? what sad allarms do sound?
Nothing but Sighs and heavie plaints abound!
What may the cause be of this suddain change?
Why looks the aspect of affairs so strange?
Why is our Day so dark and gloomie grown?
Why doth the Heavens on our Clime thus frown?
Why is our Land thus like to be oppresst
And like with saddest woes to be distrest?
Which once did stand an independant Nation,
Not needing any Foreigners Relation
But now Alas! most dismal is her fall,
From Antient Power to suspected thrall.
SCOTLAND so great, so famous so renown'd
Whose praise the Worlds worthies furth do sound,
Is now reduc'd to limit's most august
By their Submission, who were put in trust.
Her Praises now to ignominie falls;
The World her base in stead of worthie calls.
SCOTLAND of so great Valour once well known,
Is now laid low by none but by her own.
Her hand great Nations has dismaid and sent
Them Chains in stead of Garlands, Yea have rent
Their strongest holds asunder, yea has made
Them to be fill'd with horrour and with dread.
But now Alas! none has more cause to fear
None has more cause to weep a brinish Tear
Than *SCOTLAND* who in stead of former Glorie,
By which it is so much renown'd in storie
Is now o'reclouded with disgrace by all
Who hear of her Complyance and her Falls
Who not by fates of Arms or Valour brave
Could ever o're poor *SCOTLAND* Conquest have
Though oft attempt but still were fore'd to flee
Leaving our Noble *SCOTS* the Victorie.
But now Alas! these Spirits which did stand
For *SCOTLANDS* honour 'gainst a foreigne Land
Are quite extinguish'd, and there Successors
No Spirits have like these their brave Ancestors
But they in stead of standing for her Fame
Have utterly extirpate *SCOTLANDS* Name.
Ah *SCOTLAND*, *SCOTLAND* woes me that thou
Should thus to Foreigners be made to bow
SCOTLAND was once most glorious, yea was so
Esteem'd by all, who did her Valour know;
Her Glory once a day did shine most bright
More like the Morning than the darksom Night
Her beauty was admir'd for never was
Nation yet rul'd by more wholsome Laws
Her Government was Valiantly upheld
By Princely Peers whose Valour has prevail'd
To Keep their Vassels in good order: but
Their Peers which now we have, have given their Vote,
For to aboliſh what we formerly
Did strive to keep up to Eternity
It's *SCOTLANDS* Honour they have now dispir'd
Which was so highly by their Fathers pris'd
Who oft have ventur'd, for to Sacrifice
Their Life and Fortune to their Enemies
Rather than *SCOTLAND* should its Honour lose
Ah all true *SCOTS* men, what's become of those
Brave Valiant Spirits which have in SCOTLAND been?
These who Succeed are found to be but mean
Soft Spirits which before they venture one
Drop of their Blood would rather lose their Crown;
Which *SCOTS* have held above two thousand years.
Not still with ease but oft with saddest cares
Our Royal Honours which have been preserv'd
These many Ages now must be referr'd,
To Strangers wills, and what dare SCOTLAND say,
Though *England* should her Princely Scepter Sway.
Mourn and Lament all *SCOTS* men that can find
In heart to prove but to your Nation kind.
Bewaile her fate and her sad Destinie
Pretending nought but sad Calamitie.
Ye Heav'ns contract your Cloudie Brows and break
Open your Fountains like some Torrent Lake
And powr out Cristal Streams for to deplore
SCOTLANDS Exile, Oh Weep for evermore?
Thou brightest Sun be thou with blackness Cloath'd
Becuse old SCOTLAND has its beauty loath'd,
She hath her Glory turn'd to shame and made
Her former splendor to decay and fade
Heav'ns Earth and all bewail the dismal Day
When SCOTLAND such unlukie tricks did Play:
Yea God himself must surely frown since we
Do Vertue less esteem than infamie.
While this I pen, I tremble and my fear's
Do make mine Eyes to Issue forth in Tears
For to bemoan Old SCOTLAND who does Weep,
Her Dying Tears ready to fall a Sleep
In Bondage without e're recovering
Her Laws, her pow'r her liberty's or King.

FINIS.

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